

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

At the Opera.

A SCENE of brilliancy past imagination, with "The Opera" for its setting--that magnificence wrought by the Third Napoleon for the beauty of Paris; its pillars and balustrades of tinted marble, its gold-bordered arches and great blazing chandeliers, is presented.

The season is in full swing. A train of beautiful women crosses the famous marble stairway and circles the long galleries, chatting gayly to the accompaniment of soft music with the delighted, somber-clad gallants, all in true French appreciation of the moment. The Parisienne, who so well understands how to make herself lovely in a tailor suit and trim hat, is incomparable in clinging, filmy chiffon, perfect to the tip of her fitted glove. Her becoming coiffure, her slippers of gold or silver tissue, her wrap of rich lace or pale tinted cloth--chamols, champagne or sky blue, all soft and delicate--blended in the rich golden light, make a welcome contrast to the monotonous white of former seasons.

The graceful First Empire lines lend themselves particularly well to wraps; and they have taken the season by storm. Scarfs, so popular in that period, are brought into play when wraps are thrown aside.

